

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 281. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

REPULSION.

THERE are some popular maxims which have passed current for ages, perhaps from the beginning of all reflection among mankind, which nevertheless may, we think, be shown to involve some dilemma or absurdity materially subtracting from their value.

It is, for example, held as of great consequence that we avoid low and wicked company. Every parent tells his child to do so. Being seen in such company is generally regarded as sufficient to stamp any one's character. Now it may be, and no doubt is, quite true that most persons contract the character of the company they keep, and therefore *noscitur a sociis* is a justifiable rule. We should be the last to dispute the wisdom of a parent in counselling his son to avoid the society of mean or depraved characters. But what strikes us is, that just in as far as it is good for the good to keep away from the bad, so is it bad for the bad, because, associating only with themselves, they have no means of reformation or improvement near them. By the action of this rule, while there is a freedom from corruption on the one hand, there is an absence of correction on the other. So left, the rude can acquire no better manners; the wicked no better dispositions. They must each form a festering mass devoid of every healthy element.

Has it never occurred to any one to consider what is involved in the phrase—He has acted in this manner, and he must be put out of society? It is a punishment: we shall say a deserved one. Society can perhaps inflict no other. But what is to be the result? Deprived of the approbation and communion of his fellows, the delinquent is clearly doomed to become something worse. We do not, by merely ignoring his existence, negative him. He must appear, and appear, over and over again before us, and probably every time in a more malign aspect than before. It is not, then, a plan purely good for the public, however difficult it may be to devise any better. We are accustomed to hear that a father, being indignant at the misconduct of a daughter, turns her out of doors. The act excites little remark. To most people it seems right. But what is involved in it by way of consequences? No one can doubt that the victim, unless redeemed by some extraordinary accident, is destined to tenfold degradation, and a depth of guilt compared with which the first offence was a mere trifle. Considered with regard to consequences, there would appear to be something wrong in the father's act, though it may be scarcely possible to point out what it were better for him to do, seeing that he has his own honour, and that of the as yet innocent members of his family, to protect.

Manners form a comparatively trifling consideration; yet they are a question not beneath the philosophic ob-

server of society. What chance have the humble of improving their tastes, if their superiors do all they can to obtain habitations in another quarter, frequent their own exclusive places of amusement, meet only with each other, and only know of inferior grades by report? The system of exclusiveness, from its obvious consequences, is generally condemned; but few have the candour to see or to admit the difficulty involved in the case. The fact is, as every refined person has felt, it is a positive pain to associate with persons of inferior tastes and a lower tone of manners. It seems as vain to expect that one shade of refinement will consent to blend on easy terms with another, as that any honourable man will willingly associate with one of tainted reputation. The rude, therefore, appear destined to continue rude, as far as this means of diffusing better tastes is concerned.

Somewhat akin to the thrusting out of unworthy members from society is the discharging of servants and workmen for faults. The master assumes the right to dismiss any one whom he employs, if he has occasion to be displeased with him for any moral offence, however slight. We cannot, under existing arrangements, deny this right, or say how the matter could be otherwise. But does it ever occur, either to the master himself or to society, to consider what necessarily follows on the privilege being exercised? If A is found naught in some respect by B, and is on that account thrown out of employment, he may apply for work to C; but he will be no better to C than to B. If C is to employ him, he might have as well remained with B. If C rejects him, he is as likely to be rejected by D, by E, and so on. In short, he is thrown entirely out of the way of making his bread by honest labour. There is, therefore, *this* at the bottom of it: B, in his right of discharging for a fault (seeing that others are not to be expected to put up with what he rejects), is possessed of a right to extrude men from the trade or art by which they obtain an independent subsistence. Every time he exercises the privilege, he is putting a man in the way of becoming a Pariah or a pauper. He will choose to hold by the right; but in that case he should not be surprised that there are 'dangerous classes,' or that poor-rates are leviable.

It is a necessary, though a startling consequence of these speculations, that the extremely good people are partly a cause of there being extremely bad people. They do not mean it, but they cannot help it. The seeming paradox is easily explained. In a society where a particular vice is generally prevalent, and no great or influential class is clear of it, that vice will have no very bad repute. A guilty individual will neither be persecuted nor thrust out. Maintaining his place in the world, and some share of the good opinion of his fellow-creatures, he will have no occasion to sink into extreme degradation. The very opposite is the case of

the person who sins amidst an excessively virtuous society. He goes down into the depths at once, past all redemption. We see an illustration of this rule in the state of degraded women in England as compared with the continent. It is a complete dilemma. Virtue cannot soften her frown, and her frown produces effects by which she must be still more shocked.

It is these things which make civilisation so strange a problem. Jails, poor-houses, legions of outcasts, are as invariably its exponents as are lofty probity, vast wealth, consummate luxury, and grandeur. In a middle state of society there is, on the contrary, neither great wealth nor great poverty, neither great virtue nor great vice. Jails are moderate-sized buildings; poor-houses exist not at all. We smile at the story of the man shipwrecked upon an unknown coast, who, walking into the land with some fear, at length came to a gibbet with a culprit depending from it, and then congratulated himself upon being in a civilised country. But the subject has its side of serious truth as well as its ludicrous aspect. The object was quite sufficient to show that crime was here held in detestation, and duly punished. It would have come to the same thing if the stranger had lighted on a huge poor-house, or been let down from a balloon into the midst of a St Giles, or a Cowgate, or one of the Glasgow wynds. He might have argued in that case, 'I see that this is not only a civilised country, but a country where there is plenty of wealth for the winning. These wretched people are they whom wealth finds unsuitable for its works, and whom exquisite virtue repudiates. An excellent country for me!'

What can we say of it all? It is a system extremely favourable to clever people and good people—to those, in general, who have well-regulated minds—but deadly to all others. Continually from such a society there must be a shedding off of the inferior natures, down, and down, and down, to gnaw for a while at the feet of the prosperous and the worthy, but by and by to sink under some of the malignant physical influences to which they are exposed, and thus cease to be a trouble or a burthen. In a less advanced state of things, these people would have passed off tolerably among the rest, and lived all their days. In the mysterious arrangements of Providence, good has been their evil. Wealth has doomed them to poverty—virtue has plunged them deeper into vice. Their very harshness of manners is partly owing to there being nice gentlemen ready to die of a rose in aromatic pain. Such being the case, can there be a doubt of its being only more decidedly imposed upon us as a duty, to contend with every opposing influence, our own feelings included, in endeavouring to raise up, succour, and, as far as possible, improve and redeem, those who, from the less suitable constitution of their natures, are to be ranked as the victims of society?

THE DARK CHAMBER.

Nor very long ago there dwelt at Brookdale, a sunny spot of Warwickshire, one of the prettiest, merriest maidens, Phoebe Morris by name, that ever danced upon a green sward, or broke the susceptible hearts of a quiet pastoral and agricultural village. The neatest, smartest, handiest dairymaid in the county, she nevertheless created at times such dire confusion, heartburnings, and jealousies amongst the somewhat numerous operatives on the farm, that Farmer Gadsby would frequently threaten to discharge her if she did not leave off playing the mischief with his young men. To all which good-humoured oburgation Phoebe would demurely reply, 'That it was no fault of hers: goodness knows, she gave the "jackanapes" no encouragement, and should be heartily glad to be rid of the whole pack of them!' Honest Farmer Gadsby, a man of peace, though wearing buttons, seldom pursued the colloquy much further; consoling himself as he walked off with a quiet reflection that had been framed and glazed in his family for

several generations, to the effect—I am not able to quote the precise words—'That a maiden is a riddle, the true solution of which is seldom discovered till after marriage.' Phoebe, moreover, from being an orphan, 'who had seen better days'—that indefeasible claim to forbearance and consideration with all unsophisticated people—was a privileged person both with the farmer and his dame; and it was therefore with no little satisfaction, both as regarded the peace of the farmstead, and the comfortable settlement in life of the light-hearted, well-meaning, though somewhat skittish maiden, that the worthy couple observed after a time symptoms of a serious intimacy growing up between her and William Bayfield, the steady, thriving master wheelwright of Brookdale. Young Bayfield was quite a catch, as regarded circumstances, for a dairymaid, however smart and well-featured; and innumerable—in a village sense—were the exclamations of contempt and wonder indulged in by maids and matrons of the small-farmer and shopkeeper class at the *mésalliance* of a prosperous tradesman with a mere milkmaid. Little recked, however, it soon became manifest, the object of these ill-natured strictures of the displeasure of his critics; and so spirited and successful was the wooing, that the banns between William Bayfield, bachelor, and Phoebe Morris, spinster, were published within one little month of the day which witnessed the first appearance of the enamoured wheelwright in the list of Phoebe's miscellaneous admirers: converting into certainty the apprehensions suggested, by the arrival at William Bayfield's dwelling, the very day before, of an eight-day clock, a mahogany chest of drawers, a gilt pier glass, and a carpet—positively a Brussels carpet! The spinsterhood of Brookdale had no patience—how could they have?—with such airs, and indignantly wished it might last, that was all!

Alas, it soon became extremely doubtful whether the modest housekeeping so sharply criticised would ever commence! The rustic incense so long and profusely offered to the pretty Phoebe had not, it may be easily imagined, tended to diminish the stock of vanity with which the merry maiden was naturally endowed. She was unfortunately far too fond of exhibiting the power which she possessed, or fancied she did, over her humble admirers. The true affection which she felt towards her affianced husband did not suffice to shield him from her coquettish, irritating arts; and just three days previous to the expected wedding, a violent quarrel between the lovers, threatening to end in a total rupture of the proposed alliance, had taken place. The cause of quarrel will be best understood by the dialogue which took place between them on the following afternoon. Bayfield, who had not slept a wink all night, nor been able to settle himself to anything during the morning, had sent a message through kind Dame Gadsby, that he wished to speak to Phoebe, and was waiting for her by the chestnut-trees. Phoebe had herself been in trouble all day, fearing she had carried matters too far; but this message at once reassured her, and she determined, foolish wench, to make no concession whatever to the wounded pride and self-esteem of her lover.

'Well, Mr Bayfield,' said she, approaching him after a purposely protracted delay, 'what have you to say to me? I understood you had resolved never to speak to me again!'

'Well, Phoebe, I *did* say so, and meant it too at the time; but you well knew I was too much in love to be able to keep my word.' Phoebe laughed. 'Come now, let us be friends again: there's a good girl.'

'Oh, I daresay; and so give you leave to show off your jealous airs again with impunity? No indeed!'

'Nay, Phoebe, it was partly, at all events, your own fault. You tried me sadly: but come, let bygones be bygones. As to young Gaythorpe, of course he thinks nothing of you; so that—'

'Don't be too sure of that, Mr Bayfield,' interrupted Phoebe, tossing her head, and pouting her pretty lip. 'Edward Gaythorpe has eyes in his head, I suppose, as well as other folk.'

'I daresay he has,' replied Bayfield, his jealousy reawakening; 'and if you prefer him to me, even so let it be: I'll not stand in his way.'

Phoebe angrily retorted, and the result was a more vehement quarrel than before; and they at last separated, both avowing a fixed determination never to see or think of each other again. After striding nearly to the end of the long lane in which they had been standing, William Bayfield turned round, half-repentingly, just at the moment, as ill fortune would have it, that Edward Gaythorpe, who had been observing the pair from the covert of the chestnut-trees, joined his mistress, and officiously walked by her side as she proceeded homewards. Her soft eyes were suffused with tears, and she replied only by curt monosyllables to the soothing blandishments of the young farmer. Of this poor Bayfield was necessarily unaware: he saw only the ill-timed, suspicious *rencontre*, and, his heart overflowing with rage and grief, strode fiercely away towards the village. Instead of proceeding to his own dwelling, he entered (a most unusual thing for him to do, especially in the daytime) the principal tavern of the place, and seating himself in the parlour, called hastily for brandy and water.

It unfortunately happened that Sergeant Crump, a zealous recruiting officer in the service of the Honourable East India Company, and indefatigable trumpeter of the manifold virtues, civil and military, of that distinguished corporation, was, at the moment of Bayfield's entrance, haranguing the two or three persons present upon the brilliant advantages proffered by his lavishly-generous employers to all heroic spirits desirous of obtaining fame and fortune, glory and prize-money, where alone those desirable articles *could*, in the present stagnant state of the world, be with certainty attained—namely, in the delightful dazzling East! The magniloquent oratory of the sergeant, hot and glowing as it was, altogether failed of kindling the cold clods he so pathetically addressed; and he would probably have soon ceased his fawning in despair, had not his practised eye discerned in the countenance of the new-comer indications of a state of mind extremely favourable to a proper appreciation of recruiting eloquence. He consequently persevered, and by the time William Bayfield had poured the third tumbler of brandy and water down his throat—he could hardly be said to *drink* the liquor—had the satisfaction of perceiving that he was listened to with a sort of moody desperation and half-scornful approval. More liquor was called for; and finally Bayfield, maddened by potations to which he was unaccustomed, acting upon his previously exasperated state of mind, accepted with reckless idiocy the Company's shilling, and was at once enrolled in the sergeant's memorandum book as a full private in one of the East India Company's cavalry regiments! As it was quite out of the question that a man in the position of William Bayfield would, whatever his present frenzy might prompt, think seriously of enlisting, a night's rest, and two or three pounds by way of 'smart money,' would probably have terminated the affair, when, just as the orgie was at its highest, Edward Gaythorpe entered the room. It required but this to raise the excitement of the new recruit to downright madness. Furious taunts and menaces were quickly exchanged: Bayfield sprang wildly up, seizing at the same time, and drawing, the sergeant's sheathed sword, which lay on the table: Gaythorpe caught hold of the poker, and a desperate struggle ensued. Bayfield received a heavy blow on his left shoulder, and at the same instant thrust the sword through the body of his antagonist. The outcries of the sergeant—the company had departed some time before—quickly brought the landlord and two or three others into the room: Bayfield was first, with much difficulty, secured; and then Gaythorpe was conveyed to bed, and a surgeon sent for. William Bayfield, thoroughly sobered by the tragic issue of the fray, was, a few hours afterwards, escorted by the entire constabulary of the place to the

nearest borough town, about six miles distant, and there securely lodged in jail.

Such a catastrophe had not occurred in quiet pastoral Brookdale within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and dire was the tumult and the tossing to and fro of the bewildered mind of that small public. Phoebe Morris was in despair; her silly, coquettish behaviour had, she felt—though few others suspected it—occasioned all the mischief: and fervent were her vows of future amendment should this peril pass away. After a day or two, the excitement of the good folks began to gradually calm down. Young Gaythorpe's wound was found to be merely a flesh one, the sword having barely grazed his ribs, and consequently not at all dangerous. He was a good-natured young man; and though somewhat smitten with Phoebe's pretty face, was not at all disposed, upon calm reflection, to avenge his fanciful disappointment upon his rival. His father, too, a rather wealthy yeoman, having, reasonably enough, much higher views for his son, was very anxious that nothing should occur to prevent Phoebe's union with Bayfield. No wonder, therefore, that under these circumstances a rumour speedily gained ground that the Gaythorpes did not mean to prosecute; and that, moreover, the wounded man had no distinct recollection as to who began the fight—whether he first assailed Bayfield with the poker, or Bayfield him with the sword. It seemed, therefore, more than probable that the at one time ugly-looking affair would end after all in mere smoke.

There was apparently but one obstacle to this much-desired consummation; but that was a formidable one. The sergeant, who, in the struggle to disarm Bayfield, had received a slight cut on the cheek, which, in the owner's opinion, somewhat marred its martial comeliness, persisted that the prisoner had committed an entirely unprovoked and intended deadly assault upon Edward Gaythorpe, whom he had, moreover, repeatedly menaced with the direst vengeance previous to his entering the room. This evidence, it was felt, would entirely change the complexion of the case, and have the effect, if deposited before a magistrate, of consigning the unhappy wheelwright to prison, there to await his trial on something very like a capital charge at the next assizes.

The hearing of the charge had been adjourned from the following Thursday, to which day Bayfield had been first remanded, till Saturday at ten o'clock, in order to compel the attendance of Edward Gaythorpe, who had declined to obey the mere summons of the magistrate. On the Friday evening, disconsolate Phoebe Morris arrived at the Falcon Inn, an old-fashioned, straggling hostelry, in which the obdurate sergeant, accompanied by a newly-entrapped recruit, had taken up quarters for that night only, in order to be present in time at the next morning's investigation. Phoebe's purpose was to essay what effect 'beauty in tears' might have upon his iron nature. Vainly, however, did beauty, not only in tears, but pretty nearly in fits, plead to the recruiting rhinoceros: he was inexorable. 'He had,' he said, 'one duty to perform towards society, which had been outraged; and another,' glancing grimly at his plastered cheek reflected in the glass over the mantelpiece, 'towards himself, who had been injured; and those two duties he was determined to fulfil.' Phoebe was at her wits' end; and but for some very strong consolation whispered in her ear by the chambermaid of the Falcon, who had assisted at the conference, and felt greatly irritated at the sergeant's flintiness, would probably have gone off into permanent hysterics. As it was, she contented herself with one or two reproachful sobs, and indignantly withdrew from the presence of a monster whom smiles could not soften nor the tenderness of tears subdue. 'A perfect brute!' said the chambermaid, as soon as she was out of the sergeant's hearing: 'but never mind, Miss Phoebe, there's more ways to kill a mad dog besides hanging the creetchur!' With which enigmatical illustration Mar-

garet Davies—so was the angry lady named—dismissed the subject; and Phoebe found herself shortly afterwards jogging sorrowfully, yet hopefully, homewards in Farmer Gadsby's taxed cart, much musing on the possible events of the morrow. Margaret Davies, I should mention, had nursed Miss Phoebe, as she persisted in calling her, in those 'better days' to which I have alluded, and thence doubtless arose her sympathy with the afflicted fair one.

The sergeant had walked a long distance that day, and feeling more than ordinarily tired, regretted, as he undressed himself in the double-bedded room he had bespoken for himself and his recruit, that he had not desired Boots to call him. 'Never mind,' thought he, 'I shall be sure to wake by ten o'clock, and that will be quite early enough.' So thinking, he tumbled into bed, and slept without rocking.

The next morning William Bayfield was brought before a bench of magistrates, and Mr Gaythorpe, junior, being in attendance, the charge against him was proceeded with; and it was soon apparent that if no other evidence than that of the unwilling prosecutor could be obtained, nothing but a common assault, arising out of chance medley, would be substantiated. The name of Mr Crump was bawled out with immense emphasis, both inside and outside the hall of justice, by the bustling town-sergeant; but much to the astonishment of those familiar with the precise habits and punctilious attention to orders of that rigid soldier, no Crump answered to the summons. The zealous functionary was directed to proceed to the Falcon in quest of the missing witness; and after about a quarter of an hour's absence, he returned with the tidings that 'No. 24, Sergeant Crump and another,' had left the Falcon at daybreak, and had not been since seen or heard of. This intelligence the town-sergeant had received from the respectable landlady's own lips. The attorney employed to defend Bayfield urged an immediate adjudication upon the evidence already heard as a matter of right; but the magistrates finally determined upon waiting for Crump till four o'clock in the afternoon, the usual hour for closing the office; when, if no additional evidence appeared, they would decide the case.

Poor Phoebe's heart sauk within her. Still her friend the chambermaid had spoken so confidently of 'all day,' that after a minute or two she rallied amazingly, and bestowed such a shower of gracious and encouraging smiles upon the penitent prisoner, as would, if, as those story-telling poets tell us, imagination possessed wings, have raised him from the dock up to the seventh heaven. As it was, his mortal part—whatever flights the ethereal essence indulged in—remained in durance vile, tremblingly apprehensive of the arrival of Crump.

And where was that dexterous snapper-up of youthful heroism all this anxious while? Alas! himself could scarcely have answered the question.

Sergeant Crump, as I have before mentioned, feeling unusually fatigued, was soon in a state of the profoundest slumber. Not less intense was the drowsiness of the jolter-headed recruit, who snored in the adjoining truckle-bed, and whose natural heavy-headedness had been considerably increased by copious draughts of malt liquor. Long and sweetly did they slumber; till at last the sergeant, after a few preliminary twists and turns, started hastily up in his bed, impressed with a strong conviction that he had sadly overslept himself, and forthwith began rubbing his eyes. This he did partly from habit, and partly to rub out the darkness which still—fully awake as he deemed himself—seemed strangely to encase them. 'Very odd,' growled Sergeant Crump: 'it is dark! Well, if I couldn't have sworn I had slept twelve hours at least!' Sergeant Crump was quite right; it was dark, one of the darkest nights, especially for summer-time of year, as it then was, either he or any other gentleman had perhaps ever experienced. Mr Crump tried to remember if there was a moon, or at what time that luminary went down, or rose up, but could not for the life of him de-

termine: his last and present night's experience suggesting such totally different conclusions. 'I cannot have been in bed anything like the time I supposed,' he soliloquised. 'It must be so; but it's very odd.' Diggins, the recruit, was snoring away as vigorously as if he had only just begun the exercise; and the sergeant, convinced at last that, contrary to his usual habit, he had awoke before his time, again addressed himself to sleep. By dint of perseverance he managed to doze off again, and had remained in a state of semi-somnolency for perhaps three or four hours, when he again bolted upright in his bed, thoroughly wide awake and thoroughly bewildered! It was still as dark as before; and a horrible surmise crossed Mr Crump's mind, that possibly the mechanism of the universe had somehow got out of order, and that the sun might consequently never again rise upon a benighted world!

The fact was, No. 24, 'Soldiers' Rooms,' to which, wilfully misunderstanding the landlady's directions, the sympathising chambermaid had directed the under-bedmaker to convey the sergeant and his man, was an inner apartment in a distant part of the rambling old inn, the windows of which, as well as those of the rooms surrounding it, had been closed up, to mitigate the pressure of the window-tax, and was of course nothing more than a large roomy dark closet, to which even air obtained access only through the chimney. The sole window left was at the top of a wooden partition dividing the sergeant's room from the next, and had in its time done duty as a 'borrowed light'; but inasmuch as the adjoining rooms were also hermetically sealed from the glare of day, was now at best but a borrowed 'darkness.' These rooms were usually reserved for soldiers of marching regiments occasionally billeted on the Falcon; a compelled entertainment, by the way, which is seldom of a very superior character. The reader will now be able to comprehend the cause both of Phoebe Morris's nervous anxiety and of the sergeant's perplexity.

He was indeed perplexed in the extreme. At last, jumping angrily out of bed, he groped his way, after several mishaps in which both feet and shins suffered abominably, to the door, the key of which he remembered to have left in the lock. In his haste to find and grasp it, he struck it unawares, and out it flew from its shallow, ill-fitting receptacle to the floor; and all Mr Crump's efforts to find it were unavailing. Had he been able to open the door, he would not have been much the better of it, as it merely led into another dark room, the outer key of which, for fear of accidents, provident Margaret Davies had taken care to secure. The sergeant next bethought him of the window: there must be, he argued, a window; and by means of a tentative process round the walls with his cane, he at last managed to discover its whereabouts. The outside shutter was, he conjectured, closed; but how to reach it? Rousing the recruit, who by this time had pretty well slept off the effect of his previous evening's potations, he proposed to mount upon that worthy's shoulders. This was agreed to, and with some difficulty accomplished; but the sergeant, even on that ticklish eminence, could scarcely reach above the bottom of the narrow casement; and the fastenings were, he concluded, considerably higher up. In order to obtain the necessary altitude, Diggins drew his truckle-bedstead—a narrow fold-up affair, steady enough when a person was lying on it, but miserably unfit as a base for a man to stand upon, especially with another mounted on his shoulders—close to the wall; and after several unsuccessful efforts, the sergeant at last stood once more upon Diggins's shoulders, and was enabled to grope gingerly over the surface of the casement in search of shutter bolts, of course without success. In his wrathful energy, Crump, for a moment oblivious of the precarious nature of the base upon which he was operating, pushed angrily at the window-frame, and at once upset the equilibrium which Diggins had till that moment with so much difficulty maintained. The folding bed-

stead heeled suddenly over; Diggins caught instinctively at the sergeant's legs; and the sergeant, in his turn, made a desperate snatch at the casement, sending in the effort his hand clean through one of the squares, clearly but painfully demonstrating, to himself at least, the absence of shutters; and then down came Crump and Diggins with stunning violence, and mutual execrations and discomfiture. Bruised, bleeding, and incredibly savage, the sergeant, having first helped to replace the bedstead of his equally savage companion, once more resigned himself to his pillow, persuaded, in his own despite, that it could not yet be day. Hour after hour they lay watching for the dawn, the faintest streak of which would have been unspeakably welcome. At last, his patience utterly exhausted, Crump sprang up, and kicked and bawled for help with all the power of his feet and lungs, in which exercise he was zealously aided by Diggins, whose appetite had by this time become ravenously sharp. Long and fruitlessly had they raved and thumped, and were just on the point of abandoning their efforts in despair, when a step was heard evidently approaching their dormitory. Presently a light shone through the crevices of the door, and the voice of the chambermaid, Mrs Margaret Davies, was heard generously demanding who it was making that disturbance at nearly ten o'clock at night, when quiet folk were just going to bed? 'Going to bed!' Crump huddled on his clothes; and having, by the aid of the light, espied the key, opened the door with a bounce. 'Going to bed!' he shouted distractedly as he glared upon the chambermaid—'going to bed!' No sooner did that amiable damsel catch sight of the haggard features and bloodstained hands and linen of the sergeant, than she plumped down in a chair, and set up a succession of the dimmest shrieks that ever disturbed and dismayed a Christian household. 'Murder—fire—thieves—robbers!' resounded through the house with an effect so startling, that in a trice hostlers, porters, waiters, with a plentiful sprinkling of female helps, came rushing hurriedly to the rescue. Nobody either could or would recognise the culprits, spite of their energetic asseverations, till the arrival of the pearly, slow-moving landlady. The screams, which had gradually diminished in intensity, then altogether ceased; and in echo, as it were, of the ejaculation of her mistress, 'Sergeant Crump and the recruit, as I'm alive!' Mrs Margaret Davies naively exclaimed; 'Mercy upon us! Sergeant Crump! Why, so it is! Then you did not go away this morning without paying your last night's score?'

The sergeant, who dimly suspected the jade's trick which had been put upon him, only glared frightfully at her, and hastened his toilet.

'Margaret, I thought I told you to put Mr Crump into No. 24?'

'Certainly, ma'am, you did; and I told Susy the same; but it appears she must have understood it to be No. 24 "Soldiers' Rooms." Dear me, whoever would have thought it? And, bless me, what a dreadful situation for two gentlemen in her gracious Majesty's service to have been in so long! It's quite shocking to think of really!'

The suppressed tittering of the other servants—all of them, I suspect, more or less in the secret—here burst into uproarious merriment: the sergeant, almost choking with fury, looked round for some safe object to vent it upon, but finding none, wisely kept it corked for future use.

'And to think, ma'am,' continued Phoebe's friend, 'that in consequence of this uncommissioned officer's long nap, that scapegrace of a Bayfield should have got off this afternoon with only a trumpery fine of five pounds; not more than half the amount of the recollections which the sergeant has forfeited for not being at the hall to give evidence.'

'What is that you say, — woman!' exclaimed Crump, using the most vituperative epithet he could at the moment think of.

'Why, I say,' meekly replied Margaret, 'that your ten-pound recollections, which you gave the magistrates to appear, is declared forfeited; and that the town-sergeant is below with a warrant for the amount in case you should return to the Falcon this evening.'

The exasperation of the sergeant was unbounded. The landlady, thinking probably that mischief might come of it, drove off his tormentors; and he was left to finish his ablutions in peace.

'Oh, Sergeant Crump!' exclaimed Mrs Margaret Davies, returning at the end of two or three minutes, and holding the door ajar in her hand, 'if you please, missus wishes to know if you mean to bespeak a bed for to-night?'

Crump darted towards the door; but the playful damsel was too nimble for him, and the long corridors and staircases echoed again with her joyous merriment as she skipped away.

The account given by the chambermaid of the result of the inquiry before the magistrates was quite correct. William Bayfield was fined five pounds, or, in default, to suffer two months' imprisonment for a common assault, without intent, *et cetera*. The fine was at once paid, and the certificate of adjudication of course barred any further proceedings. On the next bench-day, Crump having related, amidst shouts of laughter, the trick he had been played, asked to be excused payment of his forfeited recognisance. This, under the circumstances, was, after some demur, agreed to; but he was unable to obtain even 'smart money' from Bayfield, he having been, upon the sergeant's own admission, inebriated when he accepted the Company's retainer.

The imminent peril in which her criminal coquetry had involved her affianced husband proved a salutary lesson to Phoebe, who has settled down into one of the discreetest, as well as prettiest and cheerfulest, wives in Warwickshire. Bayfield is now a prosperous man; and has recently purchased, at his wife's suggestion, the Falcon Inn, which the sudden death of the fat landlady had thrown into the market, chiefly for the purpose of assuring the succession of the business to Margaret Davies, to whose good offices he was on a very critical occasion so largely indebted. Sergeant Crump, disgusted with England, which in his indiscriminate wrath he rashly confounded with its chambermaids, betook himself with all convenient despatch to the gorgeous clime whose glories he had so frequently described; and if report speaks sooth, has discovered a still darker chamber than that of the Falcon beneath the towers of fallen Moulton.

CURIOSITIES OF GLASS-MAKING.

THE history of useful art is always interesting, not only on account of its obvious applications, but because, when examined into, we find it envelops many details which justly come under the designation of curiosities. There is doubtless no trade, however humble, that could not furnish a notable collection of facts; our own pages contain ample evidence on this point. We have now before us a work which promises well for a further contribution.* The author is already known by a treatise on the manufacture of glass, published some years since, and for lectures on the same subject delivered at the Royal Institution in London. In the present volume we have amplified details on most parts of the interesting process whereby opaque materials are converted into a perfectly transparent substance.

Without going minutely into the manufacturing operations, we may give a brief notice of them for the better understanding of what is to follow. The materials of crown-glass are—of sand, 5 measures; of ground chalk, 2; carbonate and sulphate of soda, of each 1. The sand now used, in preference to the former practice

* *Curiosities of Glass-making: with Details of the Processes and Productions of Ancient and Modern Ornamental Glass Manufacture.* By Aspley Pellatt. London: D. Bogue, 1849.

of grinding flints, is obtained from Reigate, Lynn, and the Isle of Wight. When mixed together ready for melting, the compound is technically known as 'batch;' and when melted, as 'metal.' Greater opacity or brightness and differences of colour are obtained by variations and additions of oxides, alkalies, and metals before the batch is transferred to the melting-pots. The making of these pots is a material part of the process; unless constructed of the best kind of fire-clay, they will neither bear the intense heat of the furnace, nor the pressure of the eighteen hundredweight of molten glass which they severally contain: a large pot will cost £1.10. The pots are dome-shaped, with a lateral aperture; there are ten of them to a furnace, each one placed opposite an opening in the wall, through which the workman takes out the melted material, which requires from fifty to sixty hours of the intensest heat before it is fit for working. As fast as the articles are made they are conveyed away to the annealing oven; on leaving which after the cooling process, which lasts from six to sixty hours, they are in most instances ready for sale. Before the repeal of the late vexatious Excise laws on glass, manufacturers were exposed to a most irritating and injurious supervision: the wonder is, that they ever submitted to it.

The tools used in glass-making are very few; two kinds of nippers (*pucellas*),* a pair of shears, an iron tube and rod (*pontil*), and a battledore-shaped instrument. More depends on the tact and dexterity of the workman than on anything else; he must have a quick eye and ready invention, as he has to deal with an article which rapidly loses its pliant qualities, and becomes intractable, and which is imperfect in appearance the more it is touched with tools. To describe the making of a wine-glass would convey a tolerable idea of the facts and circumstances. First, a ball of 'metal' is gathered at the end of the blowing-tube, the workman blows it slightly, and rolls it, without separating it from the tube, rapidly backwards and forwards on an iron table (*marver*), which gives it an elongated oval form. The free end is flattened by a touch of the battledore, and receives a small lump of hot glass, out of which the stem is shaped with the nippers, while the workman rotates the article rapidly by means of the tube laid across the arms of his chair. Presently the stem is finished, a small globe of metal is attached to its outer end, and by dint of further rotating and compression, is formed into the base or foot of the glass. The blowing-tube is then detached; the lower side of the foot is affixed temporarily to the pontil by which the article is presented to the furnace hole to be rewarmed and softened, and while in this state, the edge or rim of the cup of the glass is clipped round with the shears, and the article receives a final twist or 'flash' from the hands of the workman, which produces the required form. The making of a number of wine-glasses perfectly alike in all respects, and free from tool-marks, involves a high degree of skill and dexterity on the part of the manipulator.

Glasses of a gradually-tapering form, and ale-glasses, are made of two pieces only: the simplest of all articles in the manufacture is a tumbler, but it needs a good quality of metal. The ribs seen on light, cheap tumblers are marks made by the rolling on the marver in the first stage of their blowing. These are not taken out, as is the case with better goods, neither are the edges clipped.

Chemical retorts require peculiar manipulation to keep the neck from collapsing at the bend. They are blown and swung about at the end of the blowing-tube, until the lengthened gourd-like form is nearly produced; and then, while yet soft, are made to bend over a bar by their own weight, which gives the neck a direction at an angle with the bulb. The blowing of

large lamp-shades of graceful outline and lily-like chimney is also a nice process. The *modus operandi*, it must be remembered, is generally the same as that described for the wine-glass; and to one uninitiated, the apparent ease with which the accuracy of form is obtained becomes perfectly marvellous. The rounded projecting ribs, called moulded Roman pillars, which impart so elegant an appearance to glass vases, are produced by pressure. The metal collected at the end of the tube is pressed into a mould; and the workman, by blowing into it, forces the molten glass into the hollows of the mould; while, by a precaution, the interior surface remains smooth and even. The invention of this process was supposed to be altogether new; but late researches prove it to have been known to the Romans.

As Mr Pellatt observes—'The ductility of flint-glass is strikingly exhibited in the process of cane or tube-drawing, which is extremely simple, and depends so much upon tact and adroitness, that it is a matter of surprise how an approximation to uniformity of size and bore can be attained. A solid ball being gathered on the end of the blower's iron, if for hollow tube, is expanded by blowing; but if for cane, blowing is not requisite: when partially cooled, it forms a nucleus for one or more other gatherings, until the requisite quantity be obtained. Where flat bore tube is required for thermometers, the first ball is flattened by an iron or wood battledore on the marver prior to the subsequent gatherings; this insures a flat bore, although the exterior of the tube is round. The ball is then elongated by swinging, and the farther end of it is chilled by dipping it into cold water. A workman, then, having prepared a disk of hot glass, called a "post," places it vertically as near the ground as possible, to receive the ball from the chief workman, who ascends his chair, or an elevation, so that the hot glass may by its gravity be dropped upon the post below, to which it adheres by partial welding. The chief workman then descends, and the drawing begins—each workman constantly receding from the other: at first the suspended glass between the two rods assumes (at a red heat) the form of a parabola; but as the tension proceeds, the workmen are continually rotating. Some parts are cooled by fanning with the hat of an attendant boy, to insure uniform elongation, till the cane or tube is drawn to a length sometimes of from sixty to seventy feet: as the metal cools, the tube ceases to rotate, and it assumes, by continued tension, nearly a straight line: except at the extreme ends, it is nearly of one uniform bore, diameter, and substance; and whatever may be the diameter of the tube, the bore and substance will always bear an exact relative ratio to each other. Lastly, it is deposited on the wood round of a ladder, and requisite lengths are whetted off by the cold iron, or by a steel file.' In the mode above described, the forty-feet tube for the Royal Society's water barometer was made: it is erected in the hall of the society at Somerset House, and is, we believe, the only instrument of the kind in Europe.

Canes of various colours, when thus drawn, are used in the production of what is called 'filigree glass;' a branch of manufacture in which the Venetians excelled, and which of late years has been successfully prosecuted in Bohemia and France. In making a vase of this sort, different coloured canes of the required length are selected, and placed upright round the inner surface of a mould resembling a flower-pot. A lump of metal gathered on the end of the rod is then pressed into the mould, and the heat is such that the surrounding canes adhere firmly to it. This, when reheated, may be drawn out into any form with longitudinal coloured stripes. These stripes may be made to assume a spiral direction by holding an end of the article firmly with one hand, while the other gives a twist to the right or left. With a slight change in the preliminary process, hollow articles, vases and goblets, may be obtained; and many pleasing effects brought out by apparently simple means. The '*vetro di trino*,' as it is termed,

* It is curious to note the adoption and transformation of foreign names for implements: the *pucellas* and *pontil* of the British workman are the *procello* and *punto* of the Venetian.

affords a remarkable instance. A vase of this make presents a brilliant diamond or lozenge-shaped surface, internally and externally; produced by fitting a case or cup whose canes are twisted to the right into another whose twist is to the left. 'These two conical cases now crossing each other are, by rewarming, collapsed together, entrapping between each white enamel crossed section uniform interior air-bubbles; and the two cases, now become one, may be formed into the bowl of a wine-glass or any other vessel.' It appears almost incredible that beautiful effects should be produced by such extremely simple means.

The Venetian ball is formed of a number of waste pieces of filigree packed inside a pocket of transparent glass, which, when softened, collapses upon the contents, and becomes one entire mass. 'Mille fiori,' or star-work, also of Venetian origin, is somewhat similar. A double hemisphere of white glass is prepared, forming but a single piece, yet with a space between the upper and lower cases. Through a small opening in the centre of the upper one numerous pieces of coloured glass, of different shapes and sizes, are introduced, and sometimes arranged in a regular pattern, or as a group of flowers. This is afterwards reheated; and the contained air being sucked out, the two walls come together, and fix the intervening deposit, and the whole mass may then be fashioned to any required shape. As tazzas and paper-weights, such articles may now be met with in the shops of glass-dealers and stationers; their appearance is very attractive, and no trouble is required to keep them clean. It will be easy to understand that by analogous processes cameos, inscriptions, antiquarian relics, &c. may be incrustated with glass, and thereby imperishably preserved. The first stone of the new Waterloo Barracks in the Tower, laid by the Duke of Wellington in 1845, was coated in this way. Such a preparation fully justifies the expression, 'more lasting than brass.'

The 'beautiful semi-opalescent, yellowish-green colour,' so much admired in scent-bottles, handles for doors, drawer-knobs, &c. is produced by the admixture of oxide of uranium and copper to the raw material before melting. The ever-alternating appearance—now yellow, then green—which it presents is caused by differences of reflection, according to variations in the thickness of the glass.

A frosted surface is obtained by suddenly dipping the heated ball at the end of the blowing-tube into cold water. The submersion, as the author explains, 'produces crystalline convex fractures, with a polished exterior, like Derbyshire spar; but the concave intervening fissures are caused, first by chilling, and then reheating at the furnace, and simultaneously expanding the reheated ball of glass by blowing; thus separating the crystals from each other, and leaving open fissures between, which is done preparatory to forming vases or ornaments. Although frosted glass appears covered with fractures, it is perfectly sonorous.'

Several results which the Venetians perfected by patient manipulation, are effected by our glass-workers by compression in moulds: among these is a lozenge or diamond surface. Formerly each angulated section was pinched into form while soft; now the whole vessel is diamonded at once. The drops and studs which glitter so beautifully on lamps and chandeliers are, however, produced singly, being pinched one at a time in a brass compressor contrived on the same principle as a bullet-mould.

Glass-engraving, as it is termed, is effected by an ingenious process: a die or cast, made of porous material, bearing the device, coat-of-arms, &c. in relief, is fitted into the side of a mould in which the engraved article is to be fashioned. On removing the latter, the die adheres to and is annealed with it; but being subsequently soaked in water, the die comes away, leaving a sharp, and distinct, and perfectly-finished intaglio.

There are other curiosities of glass-making which the work under consideration leaves altogether unnoticed,

or dismisses with an incidental allusion. Malleable glass, for instance, a new preparation of which has lately been discovered by Schöenbein. Strictly speaking, however, we can scarcely call it glass, seeing that it is composed of the pulp of common paper transformed by a process for which no more intelligible term has yet been found than *catalytic*. This substance is rendered waterproof; and being then perfectly transparent, is manufactured into window-panes, vases, bottles, &c. which bear a fall without breaking. Then there is the ribbed glass used for skylights and windows, which, though it admits light effectually, conceals the interior of an apartment from inquisitive eyes outside. Watch-glasses, too, which are blown in globes, and then cut out one by one, might have afforded another illustration of the adaptation of means to ends. The glass-works of Bohemia would furnish many additional examples: in most respects the manufactures of that country are unrivalled. Perhaps the beauty of form which so many of them exhibit is to be accounted for by the fact, that the Bohemian workman blows nearly every article inside a wooden mould, not trusting, as the English operator, to a practised eye and dexterous hand. It is to Bohemia that we are indebted for hyalite, a species of black glass as yet but little known, but which, owing to its quality of resisting boiling liquids, is coming into use for teapots, coffee-cups, &c. Mr Pellatt instances a glass vase by a Bohemian artist which rivals the famous Portland Vase. The subject, Le Brun's picture of the defeat of the Persians at Arbela, is most elaborate, and worked out with consummate skill.

Mr Layard, in his valuable work on Nineveh, has shown that the Assyrians were acquainted with glass. This fact will tend to diminish the surprise not unfrequently expressed as to the proofs of glass having been manufactured in Egypt prior to the exodus of the Israelites. Assyria gives us a higher antiquity than Egypt; whether we shall ever get farther back with curiosities of glass-making remains to be proved.

Many rare and interesting specimens of ancient glass are preserved in the British Museum, where they may be inspected by the curious. They prove what has been often advanced, that mental progress is wave-like, at times rising to a commanding elevation, and then descending to a deep subsidence. It is not more than three hundred years ago that the first glass-houses were erected in England; much has been achieved in the intervening period. In what constitutes really good glass our manufacturers are said to be pre-eminent; and now that invention and enterprise are freed from the Excise incubus, we look, ere long, for further curiosities of glass-making.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE PROPHET.

ONE of the most remarkable and characteristic sights to be seen in Cairo is the Festival of the Prophet, held in commemoration both of the birth and the death of Mohammed. It takes place in the beginning of the third month of the Muslim calendar, and moves gradually therefore all round our year. In 1847, it occurred in February during my winter's residence in the City of Victory; and though I had seen *zikrs*, or dervish prayers, performed before, I was much struck with the scenes that presented themselves throughout the Festival.

The place chosen for its celebration is the south-west corner of what may be called the Esbekiyeh Gardens—formerly a vast open space, alternately a lake and a morass, now drained, encircled by a moat and a splendid drive, and planted with all sorts of trees. On nearly every side rows of palaces, hotels, and other buildings overlook it. In the alleys are numerous coffee-sheds, frequented every evening principally by the Frank population, who exhibit their version of the Parisian fashions in sight of the place where Kleber fell by the hand of an assassin.

On the third night of the month the dervishes pitch their camp and commence their performances, which continue until the twelfth night. By day there is nothing remarkable to be witnessed save the antics of one or two buffoons, by whom the idle crowd is amused. A little old black woman seemed the most popular of these. She carried about with her a huge club wrapped up in many-coloured rags, with which she went through a variety of manoeuvres, considered infinitely comic, if one might judge by the grins they excited, but not at all pleasing to a European eye. A very raw Englishman from Sheppard's Hotel, with whom I walked out one day, muttered something about the propriety of giving her in charge!

A little after sunset on the third or fourth night I went with a party to see what was to be seen. As soon as we entered the *Esketiyeh* from the north, we heard a confused hum of human voices coming from the camp, and saw, flashing through and over the summits of the trees numerous clusters of bright lights. On reaching the western avenue, the first object that presented itself was the *kayim*, or row of four tall masts kept steady by numerous long ropes stretching from their summits to a great distance on both sides. These were covered with lamps disposed in ornamental order, each cluster being hung up by some pious person in honour of the Prophet, as in Roman Catholic countries tapers are burned in honour of saints. As we drew near, a burst of musical instruments to our right announced the approach of a body of dervishes from Boulac. They came hurrying with torches and strings of lamps hung upon poles through the city-gates, and proceeded to occupy their tent, not far distant from the *kayim*.

There were two long rows of tents, some very large, and all open to the public gaze, stretching on either side of the road. Some were very brilliantly adorned with wooden chandeliers; in others a circle of dervishes went through their devotions in the dim light of one or two oil lamps. The most attractive were at the southern extremity, near the mosque of Sheik Bakri. It is difficult to convey an impression of the feelings produced by a walk through this extraordinary camp. The very fact of the ceremonies being performed by night, is calculated to fill the mind with a kind of awe; not at all likely to be diminished by the knowledge that if fanaticism exists anywhere in Egypt, it must be concentrated upon that spot. The rows of black tents, the gleams of light here, the sombre shadows there, the streams of people moving to and fro, the heavy masses of foliage, the dim tapering minarets of neighbouring mosques, the drumming and shouting of distant *ashârahs*, or processions of dervishes, but, above all, the unearthly sounds proceeding from the performers themselves, all unite to stimulate curiosity and kindle the imagination.

Let us pause before one of the principal tents about the centre of the right-hand row. It is spacious, but sparingly lighted. A number of men in ordinary costume sit in a circle, whilst a respectable-looking individual stands in the centre. He begins to chant in a low measured tone the praises of God; and the dervishes having listened a few moments in silence, become acted upon at length by the commencement of an extraordinary excitement. In the first place, they turn their heads round and round very slowly, repeating the first syllable of the name of God as they look to the right, and the second syllable as they look to the left—'Al-lah!' By degrees, as the singer becomes more eager, they grow more impassioned, and soon every head rolls with frightful rapidity. At length all start to their feet; and, still repeating the name of God, turn from right to left, and left to right with increasing vehemence. Their faces show signs of great excitement, and even of delirium. Some of them drop off their turbans, and frantically

shake their shaven crowns, their eyes being half closed, their mouths foaming, every feature contracted. Occasionally a man fell down in a fit, but his place was immediately supplied; and on went this extraordinary prayer—the motion now having become a forward inclination, during which the word 'Allah' was pronounced at one jerk, as if it had been pumped up from the very bottom of the stomach. It is impossible to describe the extraordinary sound produced by thirty or forty men keeping exact time. I can only compare it to the growl of some enormous wild animal.

I had not patience to wait from the beginning to the end of a *zikir*, as these performances are called; but I saw them during my walks in all their various stages. Towards the end, the ranks seemed often thinned, especially late at night; and the performers, pale, and running with perspiration, seemed scarcely able to prevent their knees from giving way, though still gasping out, however, in accents that had no resemblance to anything human, the name of God.

On one occasion I saw a woman come forward from among the crowd, and without seeming to attract any notice, stand behind the dervishes, and perform a grave and solemn dance. Occasionally she uttered a snatch of some song; not the same as that sung by the leader of the *zikir*, but to the same air, and harmonising well with the scene. It may be worth while to mention, as my experience is opposed to the opinion of most travellers, that I have more than once seen women pray in Egypt, with all the formalities of prostration and genuflection. They seem to prefer doing so, when alone, on the banks of the Nile, on the seashore, or near some well. This accounts for their being seldom seen. A large class of Mohammedans consider that women have no business to pray.

The principal seat of the camp was at the southern extreme of the left-hand line. It was fitted up very handsomely with carpets and cushions, and brilliantly lighted up. All the dervishes in it were respectfully dressed, and wore turbans, green and white, whereas elsewhere there was always a large mixture of *tarbooshes* and gray-pointed caps. The performances, however, were in all respects the same, except that, perhaps from greater practice or greater moderation, the excitement seemed never carried to so high a pitch as in some of the other tents. After every *mejlis*, or sitting, coffee and pipes were handed round.

From the camp we proceeded one night into the bazaars in the neighbourhood of the mosque of Sheik Bakri, which we found to be all lighted up, and crowded with people. The shops were open, and full of wares, especially cakes, and dried fruits, and sweetmeats of all kinds. Of course every coffee-house was crowded, and many extempore places of refreshment had sprung up. In one might be heard a story-teller, in another a singer; sometimes men, disguised as women, performed dances suited to Eastern tastes. There seemed a good deal of merriment going forward; and the men who came with grave faces and knitted brows from witnessing the performance of a *zikir*, were soon grinning like true overgrown children. To a very late hour of the night the illumination and throng continued in this quarter; and in all the principal streets processions of dervishes occasionally passed, moving slowly along with great noise of drums and great flashing of lights, and cries and shouts, and every sign of joy and excitement.

The most remarkable sight to be witnessed during the Festival of the Prophet is, without doubt, what is called the *dôsch*, or ceremony of trampling. It takes place by day, and attracts an immense concourse of people. The *dôsch* is one of those numerous customs peculiar to Egypt, or rather to Cairo, which have been engrafted on the genuine Mohammedan practices. Whether they are of modern growth, or relics of some previous superstition, is difficult to determine. The ceremony I allude to is, on a smaller scale, not unlike in character to the progress of the car of Juggernaut; for it consists in a certain number of fanatics lying down upon the ground, closely packed, side by side, so as to form a path, along

which a heavy man, representing the Sheik Bakri, upon an iron-shod horse, passes at a quick walk.

The opinion has been expressed that the persons who submit to this trial are not injured. The Arabs, however, do not even profess this: they merely say that such as are pure escape, whilst such as are impure may be killed. I have heard of several instances of death ensuing; whilst, on the other hand, a very respectable authority has assured me that he knew a boy who, for a few piastres, would expose himself to be trodden upon three times in succession on the same day.

There are, in fact, three places at which this sight may be seen, between the Mosque of the Hasanain, from which the Sheik Bakri, or rather his substitute, takes his departure, and the house of that important personage, situated at the south-east corner of the Esbekiyeh; but at the first two only thirty or forty people lie down, whilst at the third sometimes several hundred come forward to try their luck. Determined to see as much as I could, I went to the ground early, before the great crowd had collected, and kept hanging about what appeared to be the centre-point for a very considerable time. The weather was most unfavourable. Violent gusts of wind raised immense clouds of dust, that darkened the skies for a time, and then swept away to hang like a threatening vapour over the city. The rich green acacias were in a perpetual state of agitation, tossing and waving their boughs, and filling the air with a mournful moaning sound. And yet the place where we stood, protected by a lofty wall, was at times unpleasantly hot. Our eyes soon became sore, our mouths full of dust, and our throats parched. Several times it suggested itself that a bowl of sherbet and a *shisheh* might afford a fair compensation for the loss of the spectacle; but we stood to our ground, and at length had the pleasure of discovering, by the movements and growing excitement of the multitude, that the important moment was arriving.

After about ten minutes of unusual animation, several men bearing flags, and others armed with *nabootes*, came to clear a narrow alley through the crowd, in the front line of which I was fortunate enough to get. Immediately succeeding these couriers of the sheik came, two and two, those behind leaning on the shoulders of those before—a long column of young dervishes, worked up into a most repulsive state of excitement. They appeared to be perfectly intoxicated, and I have no doubt were so—the result being produced in some cases by *hashish*, or hemp-seed, in others by religious enthusiasm. Most of them wore pointed gray caps, a few tarbooshes, none turbans. The column passed me, swaying like one man from side to side, and uttering in a deep gasping tone the word 'Allah!' The lane formed through the centre of the crowd curved slightly, so that I could not see either end; and I was unable to count the number of dervishes that lay down. They were calculated at above two hundred. After they had been passing me rapidly for some time they stopped, and without more ado threw themselves flat on their faces side by side. I leaned forward, but could not see any termination to this human pavement. Several persons, evidently acting in an official capacity, now began running to and fro, arranging a shoulder here, an arm there, a leg farther on; examining that no spaces were left between the sides of those unhappy men, who all the while kept up a kind of convulsive twitching motion through their bodies, and shook their heads violently from side to side as they muttered in voices choked with dust the name of God, and invoked his help to assist them in the trial they were about to undergo for his sake, grovelling there upon the ground, in the sight of assembled thousands! The spectators seemed to interest themselves very much in all the arrangements; and I noticed that, obeying an impulse of humanity, one of them snatched up a child not more than ten or eleven years old, who had boldly lain down to go through the ordeal, and forced him to make way for a lad of about fifteen. The sight of these preparations produced a sickening feeling, and I became very impatient for the ceremony to take place. My suspense lengthened the time; for it was in reality not long after the pave-

ment had been formed that a buzz, a shout arose, followed by a dead silence, and then by an eager movement and forward pressure of the crowd, causing me nearly to lose my footing. What occurred was the work of an instant. A man on a powerful horse, preceded, supported, and followed by about a dozen attendants, moved with a quick lively walk over the bodies of the prostrate dervishes. My whole attention was attracted to the feet of the horse, which I distinctly saw to be shod with a flat plate of iron, as is usually the case in Egypt. Every one of the victims received the heavy tread somewhere near the small of the back; and I noticed one had especially who writhed under it like a worm. I never saw anything more disgusting and painful than the sight that succeeded. No sooner had the representative of the sheik passed by, than the friends and relations of the dervishes snatched them up, surrounded them, and endeavoured to make it appear that they were not hurt. 'Declare the unity of God!' whispered they in their ears; and some of the poor wretches, though half insensible, murmured with their bleeding lips 'Wahed!' Many of them, however, were in an undisguised swoon, and lay senseless and ghastly; others responded with groans. Their general appearance was that of drunken men taken up from under the wheels of a carriage. In several instances the sufferers seemed to have fallen into fits resembling epilepsy; and one giant Arab attracted considerable attention by the violence of his struggles. I did not see a single man get up and walk away as if unhurt; but there is no doubt that a great deal of the exhaustion I witnessed arose from mental and bodily excitement. The tread of the horse, however, must have inflicted injury in many cases. I was told that two or three of the men died, but it was impossible to ascertain whether this was true or false.

A tremendous blast of wind, rising almost into a hurricane, swept over the Esbekiyeh as this painful scene concluded, and concealed every object except those near at hand in a dense cloud of dust. We hastened to take shelter in a coffee-shed, where, over a *shisheh* or a *chibouk*, we discussed the events of the day. I am disposed to adhere to the opinion to which we then unanimously came, that there was little of hypocrisy in any of the actors in the extraordinary ceremony we had witnessed. All, or nearly all, seemed impressed with the deep importance of what they were doing; and both those who suffered—though some had prepared themselves with *hashish*—and those who officiated as assistants, from the burly representative of Sheik Bakri, to the meanest runner, I have no doubt believed they were concurring in a very meritorious action. That attempts seemed made to conceal any accidents, and to represent the result of the ordeal as more satisfactory than it really was, proves nothing but that men are anxious for the good reputation of their friends. I have heard some people maintain that there must be juggling in the whole affair; but I as distinctly saw the hoofs of the horse tread upon the yielding forms of the dervishes, as I see the pen trace these words on the paper before me.

During the succeeding night the *zikrs* were performed with unusual animation and vigour, and the *ashrahs* perambulated the streets more frequently and with greater noise. Until very near dawn, the lights of the camp twinkled through the trees, and the measured grunting of the dervishes might be heard at a vast distance. At length, however, all relapsed into repose; and when I walked out, late on the afternoon of the following day, scarcely any trace of the tents or the *kayim* could be seen. I passed the spot on my way to the house of an Englishman who lived in a garden quite in the Turkish quarter. He had promised me a good dinner; but I had scarcely put foot into his place, when I gave up all hope of anything of the kind; for I beheld him standing with a *kərbash*, or whip of hippopotamus' hide, over the prostrate form of his cook, who roared for mercy. Being averse to this mode of dealing with natives, I interfered, and discovered that Master Mohammed was a dervish, and had taken it into his head to lie down in the *dösch*. The consequence was, that he could scarcely walk, and had only just arrived limping, with back bent, when I came expecting my din-

ner. A few pipes served us to pass the time whilst he repaired his negligence, and we enjoyed the fried fish, and cutlets with tomato sauce, perhaps much more keenly for the delay.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

In the age of Elizabeth, the English drama seemed to start into mature existence rather by creation than by the process of slow and gradual growth. Banished during the civil wars, and corrupted by the Restoration, and even by the Congreves and Wycherlys of a generation later, it regained much of its peculiar national vigour during the reign of the comic writers of the eighteenth century. Never was the theatre a more essentially national amusement than in the age when Goldsmith, Sheridan, and the two Colmans wrote for the stage; when Pritchard, Garrick, and Siddons trod the boards of Drury Lane or Covent Garden; and Macklin and Foote, treading in the paths of Cibber, united the parts of author, actor, and diner-out of the first lustre.

The French revolutionary wars, and the rise of a new poetical and romantic literature, deprived the stage of its pabulum. None of the great writers and poets of the Scott-Byron era were really successful on the stage. The actors a generation ago were as good as ever. The grins of Mathews, Liston, Dowton, and Manden were as broad as those of Quick, Suett, and Parsons had been, but new dramatic writers were wanting. The great theatres kept playing the comedies of the old stock after they had ceased to hold the mirror up to the manners of the town, and after two-thirds of the allusions had ceased to tell; and instead of original pieces, the grand resource was the translation of French plays. The consequence was, that as soon as London came to have a permanent French theatre, the rich and fashionable ceased to frequent Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and in this they were imitated by that portion of the middle class that apes the aristocracy. Hence the jargon about the *decline of the national drama*. The drama in Great Britain has declined because it has ceased to be national, and because nine-tenths of the so-called national dramatists are translators from the French; for who that has ever seen 'La Reine de Seize Ans' could endure to have the sparkling wit of Bayard decanted into the vapid 'Youthful Queen?' One might as well expect to enjoy champagne served from pewter quart pots. Last year the English actors petitioned the legislature to be allowed protection against foreign competition; but they would have acted with greater wisdom had they petitioned Dickens and Thackeray to send their comedies to the Hay Market instead of Bouverie Street.

But the great cause of the swamping of the English drama, is the tide of music which has set in from the continent with such irresistible force. The natural philosopher may like it or dislike it, but it is far too remarkable a sign of the times to be left unnoticed by the student of living manners. Let us hope that a prejudice against music which exists in the minds of many men of the highest attainments in science and literature, is gradually giving way to the sentiment that the science of sweet sounds is as essential a part of civilisation as the vivification of form and colours by sculpture and painting, and that the perfection of civilisation is neither in science alone—in commerce alone—nor in the purely imitative arts—but in the concurrence of all. How catholic is the spirit of a Fuseli as compared with that of many of our greatest one-sided thinkers! 'I know,' said he, 'that the productions of Mozart and Beethoven are of the highest excellence, because the best judges say so; but to me they give no more pleasure than a finely fore-shortened limb of Michael Angelo does to an unpractised eye.'

But there never was any period of civilisation in which all the arts flourished simultaneously, and there probably never will be. In the perception of the graceful in form, nothing has equalled the age of Pericles; in

painting, or the vivification of colour, there is the rise of the art in the fifteenth century, and a dreadful falling off after the conclusion of the seventeenth, for Vanderheyden, the last of the Dutch school, died in 1712, and Carlo Maratti, the last of the eminent painters of Italy, in 1714. Music is the only one of the fine arts in which the present can be called a really luminous period; and it requires no great power of divination to foresee that when the present cycle of musical production is completed, the names of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and others, will be enshrined as classics by a generation as remote from them as we are from the great Italian and Flemish painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

With the fact of London being the only capital in Europe that ever had at the same time two first-class Italian Operas, it can no longer be said that we are not a musical people. Mere fashion will not account for this: it is not to be denied that a decided taste for highest-class music has descended rapidly to all branches of the middle ranks; and we therefore imagine that a more familiar acquaintance with the management of Italian theatres, both Cisalpine and Transalpine, and the manners and customs of the profession, will not prove unacceptable.

The musical capitals of Italy are Naples and Milan. All the talent of the south converges to the former city; that of the north to the latter. Here are the great *conservatories*, as they are called, where the young musical idea is taught how to shoot; and here are the largest and best-appointed theatres; but both in instruction and stage appliances Naples takes the precedence of Milan. The theatre of San Carlo in the former city is larger than that of La Scala in the latter, and the conservatory of Naples has a higher reputation than that of Milan; the late director having been Zingarelli, and the present being Mercadante, the most scientific of all the modern Italian composers. But any one from the north of the Alps would wonder how the science of sweet sounds could be learned in such a place. He might think it rather the *hell* of Dante's 'Divine Comedy;' for while he is almost inclined to smile at the groaning of a violoncello, which the small legs of a tyro can scarcely compass, a violin at his right ear jars painfully on the nerves, of which he is no sooner sensible than a wind-instrument, which the performer has scarcely strength sufficient to sound, strikes so disagreeably on the other tympanum, that he thinks of Tasso's 'Rauco suon della Tartarea tromba.'

Most of these youths belong to the humbler classes of society, but strange fortunes and misfortunes often bring upon the Italian stage both male and female singers who have never passed through a conservatory. For instance, a young man of ancient and noble family, passing rich with an appanage of forty pounds a year, has cultivated music as an amateur; his voice and style have been admired; his small patrimony is still further reduced by the gaming-table; or, discontented with vegetating in a small provincial capital, he covets the easily gained wealth of the Operas of London or Paris. He changes his name. His musical education is complete, for he has done little else but sing all his mornings these dozen years; a few months' practice in the provincial theatres acquaint him with the routine of stage business; and in a few years he makes an income in Paris or London quadruple that of the richest of his relations. This produces the most curious contrasts in the families of Italian singers residing in London. A tenor or bass is perhaps a man of exquisitely-polished manners, whose relations one may have seen in the best society of Italy; while the beautiful and now accomplished *prima donna*, who has passed through the conservatory, has for a protector some brother or uncle from a village of the Abruzzi or Bergamese, with sun-burnt features, huge brown hands, and an incomprehensible patois.

Musical education is frequently carried on in towns where there are no conservatories, on the speculation of a music-master, who receives a moiety of a young

singer's profits for a term of years—a system which gives rise to some amusing lawsuits; since the pupil, if highly successful on the stage, usually gets restive long before the expiration of the term mentioned in the contract. The arrangement, however, is usually advantageous to both parties; for these undertakers of musical education are generally in relation with the conductors of theatrical agency, through whom most engagements are made in the earlier stage of the career of an artist.

Singers very rarely begin with the larger theatres of Italy, but generally with those of the third or fourth class. In the first rank are Naples and Milan, which have good singers all the year round. In the second are the Fenice of Venice, the Pergola of Florence, and several others, which shine in their full lustre only during the carnival. In the third rank are those towns that have their good Opera singers not during the carnival, but in spring and autumn. The fourth class may be considered to be those that have their Opera season in summer, or a carnival season of inferior singers. At these last-mentioned places may be heard the same singers who in after-times become famous. In the little town of Cremona, in the year 1835, the writer of this article saw the early campaign of Marini, then unknown to fame, and now the excellent first bass at the Queen's Theatre—for London and Paris, or latterly St Petersburg, absorb the prime of a singer's vocal powers; the best performers on the Italian stage being either those whose reputation is not quite in full bloom, or who have been superseded as favourites in France and England by younger and more vigorous powers. The consequence is, that while in London freshness and strength of voice are combined with dramatic experience in the same individual, on the Italian stage they are in union with a merely peninsular reputation; or if there be a European name and artistic experience, they are conjoined with an organ somewhat the worse for the wear. But these old singers, although giving less pleasure to the Italian public, contribute by their style of performance to model the rising generation, and to keep up the native school of the lyric drama, in which even the Germans, with their more profound musical science, are decidedly inferior to the Italians.

Thus owing to the demand for young singers in the theatres of the north, the tasting of wine and tea is not better understood at the Docks of London than the *tasting* of singers of rising talent in Italy. The tasters know by a singer's countenance, before he opens his mouth, whether he be a bass or a tenor, and on hearing him, can not only tell exactly what are his voice and style, but what they are likely to become. These tasters are always a sore annoyance to a manager in possession of a singer engaged under a remunerating contract; and the manoeuvres and counter-manouvres between them are like the intrigues of politics and law. The greatest manager of modern times was a certain Signor Barbaja, who, during all the prime of Rossini's genius, was the *Impressario*, or undertaker of the principal theatres of Italy, and had in fact a sort of musical monopoly of the Italian capitals. One evening, seeing through the hole of the curtain a person whom he knew to be a taster for the Opera of Paris, and dreading that he might have some design upon his prima donna, he waited until the grand scena of the lady was ended, and stationing himself at the side-scene, declared with enthusiasm that she had covered the Italian lyric drama with glory. The poor prima donna, in an effusion of tears, could scarcely express her gratitude; and the warm-hearted manager, finding her in the melting mood, produced a contract for three more years, with a small rise of salary, which was at once signed; but a new light broke in upon her on receiving next morning, and just in time to be too late, a letter from the Paris agent, offering her a considerably higher sum. Once signed, these contracts are usually so binding that there can be no mistake—the only releasing circumstances, such as the burning of the theatre, being especially mentioned.

An Italian opera consists of two acts—the first always longer than the second. 'Otello' has three acts; 'L'inganno Felice' only one; but these are rare exceptions. The singers absolutely indispensable to every Italian Opera are a prima donna with a soprano or mezzo-soprano voice, a tenor, and a first bass. Nearly all the inferior male parts are written for bass or bary-tone singers; voices of this description being much more abundant than tenors. In many operas principal parts are written for a bary-tone; and a very few, such as *Tancredi* in 'Tancredi,' and *Arsace* in 'Semiramide,' are written for a contralto (a female voice with low notes), as there are many good soprano voices for one contralto. All the buffo, or comic parts, are written for basses or bary-tones of small compass, and are a sort of refuge for those middle-aged and elderly basses who, having no longer sustaining power and tenderness, make up for the loss of their voices by comic acting. This remark is of course not applicable to England, where the buffo parts are filled by singers still in their prime. But the distribution of compass is very much determined in new operas by the accidental capacity of the company for which the composer writes; all the effective notes of a singer being brought out with a view to the first success of the opera, which is the grand point.

After the distribution of parts, the composer tries over all the solo and concerted pieces with the singers at the pianoforte, and alters and amends according as his judgment directs. Meanwhile the chorus has been practising; and it is not until both singers and chorus are well drilled at the pianoforte that the first *insieme*, or general rehearsal with the orchestra, takes place. An orchestra very soon gets its part; and the stage rehearsals in a good company are more for the sake of the groupings of the chorus, and the stage effect, than for any material advancement of the purely musical business.

The first night of representation is one of agonizing suspense to both manager and music-director. The singers have all eaten a very light and early dinner, and having been fasting for several hours, are in prime vocal condition, which they aid by a few anchovies or a glass of wine; and the composer having taken his place in the orchestra to direct the music himself, the opera begins. In Naples the royal family usually attend a first performance; and according to etiquette no one can applaud until the king sets the example from his box. If an opera, therefore, please at first hearing, as was the case with many of those of Donizetti, which came out mostly at Naples, the impatience for the signal from the royal box becomes feverish; and when this comes at last, the result is like an ice-pent torrent let loose. There is scarcely such a thing as damning an opera on the first night. Any glaring impropriety in the dramatic part of the arrangements is unceremoniously hissed; but final judgment on the music is never passed at once, as an opera does not make the instantaneous impression of the spoken drama, and its beauties do not always lie on the surface. For instance, 'Norma,' now the most popular of Bellini's operas, was coldly received on its first production; but as the Opera is in Italy the nightly lounge, and a sort of social exchange, the merits of a new production soon rise to a premium or fall to a discount. But success in Italy by no means insures a composer a European reputation; for, on account of the perpetual demand for new operas for the carnival season, many a musical hero who, like Ricci and Coppola, has conquered a Cisalpine reputation, cannot pass the Alps and fix his productions securely in London, Paris, or Vienna; and a firm footing in these capitals is the great test of the excellence of either new operas or new singers. We may, therefore, now quit the sunny south, and turn our attention to the state of the music nearer home.

The history of the Italian Operas of London and Paris previous to our own period has been so frequently written, that it would be quite beside our purpose to go farther back than 1814. In that year the conti-

St Pirata

nent was reopened, and Rossini, by the production of 'Tancredi' at Venice, began the bright part of his career. Previously, Italian music was in England little more than a fashion. It was Rossini more than any other composer who first created that vivid and widely-spread relish for it which has now taken a firm hold of even the middle classes. 'Tancredi,' the 'Barber of Seville,' 'Semiramide,' 'Gazza Ladra,' 'Cenerentola,' and the other operas of this master, were successively reproduced in London and Paris, and held undisputed possession of the Italian theatres of these cities until 1832, when Bellini divided public attention in the 'Piratek.' Both these composers visited London, their persons and manners being as different as their styles in music. Rossini is strong, lusty, and corpulent, and was made such a lion of by George IV. and the principal nobility, that Theodore Hook, in one of his novels, talked sneeringly of 'a great personage, such as Signor Rossini or the Emperor of all the Russias.' Bellini, whom the writer of this article frequently met during his visit to London in 1833, was quite different: he was slim, pale, and genteel, with very modest manners and a soft voice. We recollect that he was on one occasion dreadfully puzzled in an attempt to understand the British constitution, while we endeavoured to explain the functions of each part of the machinery. This will not appear surprising when we see what a sad business foreign dramatists and novelists make of Lords and Commons. Even M. Scribe, with all his historical reading, makes a peer and ousted cabinet minister enter into a dark intrigue to become lord mayor of London! On the death of Bellini, Donizelli continued his prolific career with a series of operas, less exquisitely beautiful, but much more varied in character, than those of Bellini; and on his mental derangement occurring a couple of years ago, Verdi remained the only effective living composer of the Italian school, Rossini having produced no great original opera for twenty years.

The Italian Opera of Paris might be said to have the same company as the Queen's Theatre; for, beginning their season in Paris in October, it was terminated in holy week, so as to make the high season of London comprise the months of April, May, June, July, and the half of August. The opening of the Covent Garden Italian Opera effected a great change in this system; the hard work of rehearsal was all done in Paris, and the singers in London had an easy time of it, in merely repeating the lessons already learned; but through the energy, perseverance, and talents of Signor Michael Costa and Mr Balfe, the rehearsals in London are now as laborious as in Paris, and as independent of mere imitation; while, by the translation of the best works of Meyerbeer and Auber, the repertory of the Italian Operas of London has a richness and variety of character unknown to the native Italian stage.

Catalina

The first-class Opera singers are generally a quiet, gentlemanly, and well-behaved class of men, utter strangers to those dissipations that used sometimes to incapacitate our Cookes, Reeves, and Keans from performing: they usually reside in Regent Street, the Quadrant, or St James's Street, and some of them are much attached to London, while others have the affectation of saying that there is no existence out of Italy. One of these said to a well-known buffo that London was quite an exile; to which he answered, 'Yes, and a very agreeable exile too.' The actual salaries in London are not much larger than those of Naples or Milan; but the concerts produce a large sum, the income derived from singing a few songs at two or three concerts being sometimes, with much less labour, more than the salary of an Opera night. Italian singers may thus realise a large fortune in a few years; and Donizelli and many others are extensive landed proprietors in Italy. The greatest prima donna of our age, however, had the misfortune to see her large accumulated wealth dissipated in a few years by a gambling husband. In no profession is it more true that

hay must be made while the sun shines. A well-known tenor was accustomed to make his two thousand pounds for many seasons during the London summer, till his voice fell off, and other favourites obtained the public ear. Unwilling to quit London, he remained at a salary of L.800 for the sake of the concerts; soon he fell to L.300; and at last begged the manager to allow him to sing for nothing, that he might the more readily obtain pupils, and was refused!

So much for Italian music, of which we make so large an annual importation and consumption. It must be confessed that the balance of trade is terribly against us; for Mr Balfe is the only English composer whose productions have stood the voyage across the Channel. Him, however, we may congratulate on the signal success that has attended the production of his operas over all the continent of Europe. *a Dublin man*

CALIFORNIA—COMING DISAPPOINTMENTS.

UNLESS all experience is vain, and something like a miracle should take place, we must quickly hear of miserable disappointment and great disasters in California.

We argue thus from the history of all former gold-diggings where the circumstances were similar. The gold hitherto found in the valley of the Sacramento and neighbouring regions is, as is well known, mixed with the alluvial matter of the country, along with which it has been brought down in the course of time from the mountains, the lighter particles, as usual, travelling farthest. In all cases hitherto, such deposits of gold have never lasted long in their pristine abundance. After the first and best harvest has been reaped, the washings become comparatively unproductive, and soon they cease to remunerate the labour expended on them. After that, there is no chance of gold but by excavating it from its native seat in the mountains, where, however, its amount is so uncertain in proportion to the labour, that even in South America proverbial wisdom treats gold-digging as a bad business.

What, however, gives us most reason to fear for the upshot of this Californian crusade, is our knowledge of the dangers and difficulties of the way, and of the state of the country itself.* To reach the sickly valley of the Sacramento, and the still more unwholesome narrow ravines running into it, a voyage or journey of incredible fatigue and peril must be surmounted, whether by the long northern land journey, or by the sea and land passage by the Isthmus of Darien. The sea voyage round Cape Horn for ill-provided emigrants in a crowded transport infers an amount of human suffering which may be left to the imagination of the reader.

The adventurer who chooses the first and most direct route will have first to travel from a thousand to fifteen hundred miles across the United States: here a well-lined purse will overcome all difficulties. Then commences a second journey of fifteen hundred miles through a wild country, without roads, or inns, or inhabitants—almost destitute even of water. The traveller ought of course to be provided with every necessary for the whole way at setting off; but such an outlay must far exceed the means of many who will only make the discovery too late to retreat. They will be induced to attempt the journey without due provision for their subsistence or safety, and their bones will be left to whiten the prairie. The toils and dangers of their more opulent companions, well provided as they may be, will be excessive. The bitter piercing cold of the night, as the fierce wind sweeps over the boundless plains, penetrates to the very bones. The noontide fervour of the sun is an opposite, but not less serious evil, under which human strength sinks and dies. As the heat hourly increases, the breeze languishes, and the saline vapours arising from

* The present paper is the production of a gentleman who is personally conversant with the countries he refers to.—Ed.

the earth, being then no longer agitated or dispersed by its impulse, give rise to the phenomenon of the mirage. The wayfarer, exhausted by heat, dust, and thirst, is then tantalised with the cruel deception of lakes and streams of water flowing around him, and extending before him as far as the eye can reach, yet ever eluding his approach. The delusion is so complete, that dogs, languid and disheartened, will at first dash forward with sudden energy to rush into the seeming grateful fluid, and enjoy its cooling refreshment. Absence of water is one of the great deprivations of this country; it is often the cause of the severest sufferings of the traveller and his cattle, and frequently occasions the loss of beasts of burthen. Persons of nervous temperament occasionally endure excessive irritation from the excitement created by this continual exhibition of deceptive waters upon their parched throats while suffering under the effects of protracted thirst. It in some constitutions proceeds to such excess as to produce spasms and severe nervous attacks; and the sufferer is then compelled to submit to the disagreeable necessity of riding blindfolded, as the only effectual antidote to the exciting cause of his illness.

During a considerable portion of the year, the rain and snow render these plains seas of impassable mud. The practicable seasons for the journey, therefore, are limited to the intervals between this wet period and the time of excessive heat and drought. Strangers, not aware of these circumstances, may arrive on the frontier at such a time of the year as will oblige them to remain stationary for some weeks or months before they can proceed farther on their way. For a short season, when sufficient moisture and heat are combined, some of these plains, where sand prevails, present a scanty vegetation, affording beautiful specimens of flowers in detached masses. The sight of some of these plants in conservatories or gardens in England is apt to inspire an erroneous opinion of the fertility of their native soil. In reality, verdure and herbage for cattle are there unknown, and a few brilliant flowers scattered over the surface are a poor compensation for the want of them. The whole land assumes the substance and appearance of an unbaked brick when dry; where clay or loam prevails, it becomes, when moistened, a plunge of mud, but also exhibiting here and there fine flowers.

During the greater part of this long journey the travellers, if not in strong force, are liable to the attacks of the Indians, usually the fierce Apaches, who make sudden irruptions from their distant abodes on the more civilised inhabitants of the frontier of the plains, and kill or carry off any stragglers that fall in their way. In these usually barren regions are occasional fertile spots blessed with sufficient water and vegetation, each forming an oasis in the desert, the favourite resort of these Indians—men wild, ferocious, and without mercy. Wo to the unhappy traveller who encounters them in their forays! Mounted upon hardy, active horses, frequently the plunder of former excursions, they sweep over the land, carrying death and devastation in their course. Appearing when their presence is least anticipated, they vanish again as suddenly into their unapproachable fastnesses in the desert. It is difficult in peaceful England to imagine such a state of precarious existence as the life of the emigrant or the traveller in these countries daily presents.

The shorter journey through the mountain defiles on the Isthmus of Darien or Panama is not less prolific in danger and suffering. The Atlantic coast on the whole of the Isthmus is fatal to Europeans during many months of the year. Between the end of February and the beginning of October, one week's residence on shore is a trial few strangers go through without an attack of yellow fever. The miserable, stupid, indolent native Indian alone resists for the period of a short life the baneful effects of the climate. The smallest service these half-animated beings can be induced to perform is to be remunerated with a dollar; they appear to have no conception that five minutes' exertion can be re-

compensed by any smaller coin. It may be supposed from this that travelling is here expensive; and should the traveller be unprovided with sufficient apparatus against the reptiles and insects everywhere besetting him, even at more favourable seasons of the year, such as raised bedsteads, their feet immersed in pans of oil or water when in use, hammocks, mosquito-curtains, &c. he will inevitably endure a degree of torment from their persecutions unimaginable to natives of our temperate climate. Reptiles of the most poisonous description present themselves in alarming profusion; snakes in many varieties, large and small; centipedes, scolopendras, and similar lengthy creepers; scorpions in multitudes. Tarantulas, and various enormous spiders, said to be venomous, are met with. At night, monstrous beetles of disgusting odour will, uninvited, alight upon him; while large bats, attracted probably by the light colour of his bedding, will flutter about him, and dispel his sleep; or, if slumber overtakes him, the vampire may settle upon him, and suck his blood, greatly to the detriment of an already reduced constitution.

Arrived at the western or Pacific shore, supposing the traveller to have surmounted the toils of the way, his perils are only varied, but not abated. On this coast the myriads of insects and reptiles are undiminished; and although the yellow fever is here unknown, there is little cause of congratulation for this exemption, as its place is most efficiently supplied by the peculiar scourge of these coasts, the fatal fevers of intermittent type. So inimical to the health of strangers is this destroyer, that in 1826 a Congress of Deputies from some of the new republics, which was held at Panama, though composed of native Americans, some of whom were of Indian extraction, and though supplied with every comfort available for the climate, was broken up after two or three sittings, and obliged to adjourn to a locality more congenial to strangers, sickness having already made such inroads among them, as in a short time to threaten the total extinction of their numbers. And this was not in the worst season of the year.

The emigrant, on his passage to more distant shores, must await the sailing of the vessel that is to bear him to his destination, and an interval of many weeks may elapse before he finds an opportunity of quitting the shores of the Isthmus. Ere that time has arrived, the departure of the ships will in all probability be a matter of indifference to him, for the most sufficient of all reasons. Should he fortunately get on board ship, another tedious voyage in a crowded vessel within the tropics awaits him. If the traveller arrives in these countries during the rainy season—for here the rains are periodical—all his difficulties will be increased. A European can form little idea of these tropical showers, though he may imagine the discomfort and danger of having his clothes alternately soaked in water and drying upon his back during his entire journey.*

The emigrant, once landed at San Francisco, must not suppose his difficulties at an end. He must be prepared to receive the heaviest calls upon his already

* There is a comparatively direct road to California through Mexico, landing at Tampico, and embarking at San Blas on the Pacific in the north; or landing at Vera-Cruz, and embarking at Acapulco in the south. The sea voyage in the Pacific is thus materially shortened, and that in latitudes nearest the line. The land journey is through a civilised, healthy country, with the exception of fifty or sixty miles on approaching the ports. During the whole journey, homely accommodation can be obtained, and several large towns are passed on either route, where any deficiencies may be supplied: but the Spanish language is indispensable, not a word of any other European tongue being known there. This same difficulty must occur in crossing the Isthmus; but there the distance being only short, the traveller can, and indeed must, depend more upon his own resources, and require less communication with strangers, except at the ports, where probably English will assist him. Whether there is any direct communication between San Blas or Acapulco, and the port of San Francisco, must now be a subject of inquiry, as, till lately, there was little inducement for frequent intercourse, and only chance occasions offering of passing from the Mexican coast to that of Upper California.

impoverished funds, to enable him to proceed into the gold districts. None but the wealthy can afford the price of a mule or horse, if they are procurable even for money. The commonest necessities of life are 400 or 500 per cent. dearer than in the countries he has left, and the poor adventurer will soon discover that his only means of subsistence, at least for a time, is by servitude, until he can amass sufficient resources to enable him to venture on the journey into the interior. The report of wages of a dollar an hour, or even two hours, to a porter sounds promising; but when boarding at the humblest table, with only water to drink, costs now one pound per day, and lodging and washing are paid in proportion, at the end of the week there will be found only a moderate residue from such earnings. The place has now also become the resort of desperate characters from the ports of South America, and the wildest adventurers from the cities of the United States. The unsettled wanderers of Texas, and deserters from the army, with runaway seamen from the South-Sea whalers, and the idle profligates abounding in the islands of the Pacific, compose the mass of the population, without law, religion, or morality. The accounts of rapine and murder from the district are what might be expected in such a society. Fourteen detected murders are stated to have taken place at the diggings shortly previous to the writing of a letter conveying the intelligence.

While this evil has been gradually gaining ground, the first vague reports of the immense discoveries of gold remain unconfirmed by proportionate importations of the precious metal either into the United States or into Europe. In reality, the value of the gold hitherto announced to have been received scarcely indicates a gold region of more than ordinary richness, if it even attains to that standard, the whole sum not amounting to the eighth part of the produce of the mines in the Ural Mountains in the same time. The whole history of this marvellous land of treasure seems now to be resolving itself into a land-jobbing speculation of some go-a-head Yankees to attract population to their waste allotments. This view of the case becomes more probable on recollecting that this is not a new-discovered country. The Spaniards, always most diligent in their mineralogical researches, possessed it, and had missions near San Francisco, and consequently not far from the valley of the Sacramento, administered by men of skill and ability, who almost to a certainty must have seen, or had some intelligence of, this store of wealth, if it existed in such abundance. The Indians, also, of all the tribes, are well aware that gold is the most valuable article that they can bring when coming to traffic with civilised men, as they have long been in the habit of doing; accordingly they bring some gold, occasionally in large pieces: but if a land so prolific in this metal had been known to them, horse-loads instead of a few pounds would have been offered in barter at the stations. Not long since the Oregon territory was the attractive point of resort, and dreadful sufferings and loss of life were sustained by the hasty adventurers hurrying there to obtain the first choice of settlement in the anticipated paradise. Unfortunately, a great part of the favoured land proved on trial to be uninhabitable, and most of the remainder appeared only a poor ungrateful soil for cultivation. It is much to be feared that many now blindly hastening to enrich themselves in the gold regions will, if they survive the experiment, have to retreat as light as they came in search of some more fertile soil, where they may provide for their maintenance by the cultivation of a few yams or potatoes, as the climate may serve. With tolerable industry they may soon be surrounded with sufficient supplies of the necessities of life, if they have located themselves judiciously; but little beyond this is to be expected in a country where the wants of all the inhabitants are similar, and their means of supplying them equal. The golden dreams of regal wealth will in all probability be only realised in the form of a log-

house if trees are near, or a mud-hut on the mountain, with a plot of cultivated ground; where, instead of gathering gold by handfuls, the proprietor must devote some portion of his time and attention to the protection of his most valuable property, by scaring away birds and other granivorous enemies from his maize-field, and learning the art of making tortillas and atolle of the grain of the Mexicans, or mush and hominy from their United States neighbours.

THE LACE-MAKERS OF SAXONY.

We have already given some details respecting the lace-makers of Ireland, and it may be curious, if not useful, to bestow a glance likewise upon their German sisters. The district of Erzeberg is situated amid the mountains of that name which separate Saxony from Austria, and its inhabitants are all of the industrial class, consisting chiefly of blacksmiths and lace-makers. The former artisan, though working constantly at his rude profession, is seldom able to lay by anything for his old age. Commencing in early youth, the ordinary results of his labour are blindness and deafness, which make his age useless; and so, leaving the anvil, he wanders with a beggar's wallet from door to door, until one day he entirely disappears, and is forgotten. This course is so common, that when a man is suddenly missing, and nothing more is heard of him, it is said 'he has gone like an old blacksmith.'

The lace-makers are a more interesting class, and are composed wholly of women and children. When they are thus employed, the management of the house is entirely given up to the men, whose duty it then is to cook and wash the linen for the family—the fine threads of the lace requiring the more skilful and delicate fingers of a woman. A good workwoman, in favourable times, working morning and night, was generally able to earn from 6d. to 7½d. a day; but during last year the most industrious among them could not gain more than from 1½d. to 3d., and many are now entirely without employment.

The three principal villages of the district, containing collectively nearly 7000 inhabitants, are built on the most barren part of the mountain, and all on the same plan: each house has but one floor, roofed with shingle. In consequence of the late distress, these villages now present the most wretched appearance. Bundles of straw fill up the holes in the broken windows, while the apertures the weather has made in the roof are unstopped, leaving a free ingress to the rain and snow. It is not an uncommon thing for three or four families to be crowded together in one small room, with perhaps no other bed than an armful of straw thrown on the bare earth, and rendered more suffocating in winter by the heavy smoke of the green branches with which the stove is fed. Each house is generally provided with a small piece of ground, which the men cultivate literally by 'the sweat of their brow,' although it yields nothing but potatoes, which, seasoned with salt, are the usual food of the lace-maker and her family. Bread and butter is a rare dainty with them, and many have never tasted meat in their lives. One of the luxurious dishes of these poor people is a baked potato-cake, soaked in a kind of syrup made of beet-root sugar. They drink what they call coffee three times a day; that is, a compound of chicory and particles of roasted beet-root—the former used in small quantities, as it is now too expensive for their small means. Added to the accidents of bad crops and low wages, they are cheated by rogues somewhat less poor than themselves. These are wandering peddlars, who, speculating on the necessities of the moment, roam from one village to another, lending small sums of money at usurious interest to the inhabitants, who, to relieve their embarrassments for the moment, are probably ruined entirely in the end.

Yet in this situation, miserable as it is, they have their compensations, preserving as they do a beautiful

gentleness and contentedness of character. The manufacture of lace has given them the habit of extraordinary cleanliness, and the slightest unexpected recreation consoles them for all their hardships. The women are fond of music and dancing, and during the beautiful summer evenings the young girls sit in a circle, and join in singing, as with one melodious voice, their popular airs. In winter, from Michaelmas to Easter, many families assemble at one of the houses; each woman brings her work, and thus economising the light and firing, escapes the dreariness of solitude. Each in her turn enlivens the evening by recounting some old superstition or traditional story. But in the depth of winter few are so hardy as to venture from the house; when they do so, however, they envelop themselves in an old cloak, one of which is possessed by every family, and serves to protect each member of it by turns from the cold air. In this cloak the father wraps his child, and carries it through the snow to school, where he leaves it, with a morsel of bread or a potato-cake, until the evening, when he returns, and carries it back as before. When the child is old enough, it is taught by its mother to make lace, and soon is capable of earning perhaps a penny a day.

Thus live thousands of beings in obscure and permanent isolation in the midst of that Germany where there has latterly been so great a change, and within a few leagues of those great towns where their beautiful embroideries excite so much admiration and cupidity. Government has lately taken the condition of this poor colony into its consideration, and has willingly lent them its aid; but unfortunately, from taking the wrong method of doing so, the help has been worse than useless. A sum of £8000 has been expended in purchasing the remnants of old lace remaining useless in the presses of the fabricators and dealers; but the merchants alone have profited by this thoughtless measure, and the wages of the lace-makers remain as before.

CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND AND AT THE CAPE.

THERE is no denying the self-evident fact, that our holiday season comes at the wrong period of the year. Christmas and midsummer do not agree well together. In the northern hemisphere, the joyous week which ushers the old year out and the new year in, falls, not by an accidental coincidence, at the time when men have most leisure for enjoyment—when labour of all kinds is little required, if it be not absolutely forbidden by that inclemency of the weather which serves to heighten the sense of the domestic in-door pleasures proper to the season. Then, too, the scattered members of families seldom find their avocations so urgent as to prevent them from meeting, to re-knit the ties of old affection, about the cheerful hearth and the social board.

Then merry games and unfashionable dances, in which all ages join, awaken a hearty pleasure, such as a formal ball-room never knew. Then, on the continent, the Christmas Tree displays its annual glories, diffusing radiance from its hundred lights on the happy faces about it. Then, through the clear crisp air of winter are heard the voices of the wandering singers, last remnant of English minstrelsy, appealing to the charity which at that season can rarely fail them, and reminding their hearers, in the simple strains of antique harmony, of the solemn reason for their happiness:

'God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas-Day.'

The same sufficient cause remains why, under such altered circumstances as prevail in this southern region, the season should still be duly commemorated. Unfortunately, however, as has been already remarked, the time of the year is most unfavourable for holiday making. Coming, as it does, in the middle of harvest in the country, and at the busiest season of the year in

town, it finds the people unable or indisposed to yield up their valuable time to the claims of domestic festivals. Neither Christmas nor the New Year can be celebrated in this land with the same hearty pleasure and care-forgetting zest with which they are welcomed in England, Holland, or Germany, and indeed throughout the whole of Christian Europe.

There is rarely an evil without its compensating good. There are in Great Britain some millions of people to whom Christmas is the only day of real enjoyment in the whole year. More than three millions—one-eighth of the whole population—are in the receipt of parochial relief. These unfortunates generally receive, through the favour of the parish authorities, or the liberality of charitable Christians, a hearty dinner of the national roast-beef, plumpudding, and 'humming ale,' their only good dinner throughout the year. And on these viands the poor creatures make merry about the workhouse table—a dismal mirth at the best.

There are many more millions whose state is little if any better than that of the unhappy paupers. There are agricultural labourers overworked, ill-clad, badly housed, toiling from day-dawn till dark for a pittance which barely sustains life; sturdy men with families labouring through the year for a weekly wage of 7s. or 8s. There are myriads of hard-working operatives in the towns, crowded in wretched cellars and garrets, earning barely sufficient to support life, on inferior and unwholesome food. Once a year, with much pains, and pinching, and forecast, all these suffering millions generally manage to procure a single meal of unaccustomed plenty and savour. Numerous are the devices to which the poor pale mother must resort in order that the eyes of her ragged brood may sparkle with delight at the sight of a real Christmas pudding. Many in these classes eat meat but once a year. Not a few, particularly in Ireland, live and die without ever having tasted animal food.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the contrast presented by the ordinary life of all classes in this colony. To many millions in the mother country the easy toil and abundant food of the poorest here would seem like a perpetual holiday—Christmas the whole year round. The enjoyment which we, owing to the difference of seasons, cannot well concentrate in a brief series of festival days, is diffused, in superabundant measure, over the whole circle of the year. And this, it will be admitted, is good substantial compensation for a misfortune which, after all, is chiefly imaginary.

We shall be reminded, however, that this advantage is due in a great measure to the circumstance of the colony being a newly-settled country, and the population very scanty in proportion to the abundant resources of the soil. As the number of inhabitants increases, this proportion will be gradually altered for the worse; until at length, even here, pauperism, with all its attendant miseries, will make its appearance, to diminish the general sum of happiness, and perplex our lawgivers with evils more real and more dangerous than those temporary grievances (the natural result of the present superfluity) which now occupy their attention, and give birth to voluminous 'blue-books.'

There is a certain amount of truth in this view—so much, indeed, that it deserves our most careful consideration, in order, if possible, to discover how these anticipated evils may be, at least in part, avoided. Now is the time, in this early age of our country, when its condition is yet plastic, and its destinies may be moulded by laws—this is the time when our legislators should make it their especial care so to establish the frame of our society, and the distribution of property, as to preclude those unnecessary evils, and those painful contrasts, which are seen in many countries of Europe, but chiefly in Great Britain. By the laws of nature there will be in South Africa, as elsewhere, great wealth and great poverty; wealth, the result of industry, temperance, and frugality; poverty, the fruit of indolence and vice. But it will depend chiefly on

human laws whether there shall exist here also that fearful and unnatural inequality which bestows on one part of the community, and that not the most deserving or the most industrious, superfluous riches and corrupting luxuries, while it dooms the toiling millions to perpetual want and almost hopeless misery.

If we have been betrayed into a rather more serious vein of speculation than the occasion seems to call for, we must plead the example and excuse of the poet. Journalists are sometimes, like song-writers, led away by the concatenation of ideas and phrases, and might commence their lucubrations, as the Scottish bard began his poetical epistle, with the frank admission—

'But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.'

But, after all, a sermon is not inappropriate at Christmas; and a little serious thought, we are assured on great authority, can never 'make our pleasures less.' With this persuasion, we will close our present admonition, in more cheerful guise, with the 'compliments of the season,' wishing to each and all of our courteous readers a merry Christmas-tide, and the happiest of New Years.—*Cape-Town Mirror.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A negro who had run away from his master in South Carolina, arrived in London in an American ship. Soon after he landed, he got acquainted with a poor honest laundress in Wapping, who washed his linen. This poor woman usually wore two gold rings on one of her fingers, and it was said she had saved a little money, which induced this wretch to conceive the design of murdering her, and taking her property. She was a widow, and lived in a humble dwelling with her nephew. One night her nephew came home much intoxicated, and was put to bed. The negro, who was aware of the circumstance, thought this would be a favourable opportunity for executing his bloody design. Accordingly, he climbed up to the top of the house, stripped himself naked, and descended through the chimney to the apartment of the laundress, whom he murdered—not until after a severe struggle, the noise of which awoke her drunken nephew in the adjoining room, who got up and hastened to the rescue of his aunt. In the meantime the villain had cut off the finger with the rings; but before he could escape, he was grappled with by the nephew, who, being a very powerful man, though much intoxicated, very nearly overpowered him; when, by the light of the moon, which shone through the window, he discovered the complexion of the villain, whom (having seldom seen a negro) he took for the devil! The murderer then disengaged himself from the grasp of the nephew, and succeeded in making his escape through the chimney. But the nephew believed, and ever afterwards declared, that it was the devil with whom he had struggled, and who had subsequently flown into the air and disappeared. The negro, in the course of the struggle, had besmeared the young man's shirt in many places with the blood of his victim; and this, joined with other circumstances, induced his neighbours to consider the nephew as the murderer of his aunt. He was arrested, examined, and committed to prison, though he persisted in asserting his innocence, and told his story of the midnight visitor, which appeared not only improbable, but ridiculous in the extreme. He was tried, convicted, and executed, protesting to the last his total ignorance of the murder, and throwing it wholly on his black antagonist, whom he believed to be no other than Satan. The real murderer was not suspected, and returned to America with his little booty; but he, after a wretched existence of ten years, on his deathbed confessed the murder, and related the particulars attending it.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

ANECDOTE OF BURKE.

The following affecting incident, detailed by Mrs Burke to a friend, took place a few months before Mr Burke's death in 1797:—'A feeble old horse, which had been a great favourite with the junior Mr Burke, and his constant companion in all rural journeyings and sports, when both were alike healthful and vigorous, was now, in his age, and on the death of his master, turned out to take the run of

the park for the remainder of his life at ease, with strict injunctions to the servants that he should neither be ridden nor molested by any one. While walking one day in solitary musing, Mr Burke perceived this worn-out old servant come close up to him, and at length, after some moments spent in viewing him, followed by seeming recollection and confidence, deliberately rested its head upon his bosom. The singularity of the action itself; the remembrance of his dead son, its late master, who occupied much of his thoughts at all times; and the apparent attachment and almost intelligence of the poor brute, as if it could sympathise with his inward sorrows, rushing at once into his mind, totally overpowered his firmness, and throwing his arms over its neck, he wept long and bitterly.'

LONGING FOR REST.

INTO the woods, into the woods! this fret
And bustle of the big o'er-anxious world
Likes me not: hither, gentle winds, and let
Your blue and rustling pinions be unfurled
To bear my vexed spirit far away
Into the bosom of yon dusk old wood,
Winding as the valley winds for many a rood:
Westward the burning chariot-wheel of day
Is in the chrome-dyed ocean axle-deep;
Haste, ere the twinkling dews o'er the green earth shall creep!

'Tis fealty done. Oh now at length repose
Shall find me, here, where nothing is that breathes
The spirit of unrest. How richly those
Rays that come streaming where the king-oak wreathes
His warped and gnarled boughs, make the moss floor
Of this vast temple seem mosaic-wrought;
Each knoll's an altar whence ascends untaught
The willing incense of the flowers, that more
Than all mute things on earth their homage pay
To the dear love that keeps their fair forms day by day!
Here would I worship too, listening the note
That ripples up upon the stirless air,
In sweet wild gushes from the ruffled throat
Of some winged minstrel: how that music rare
Brimfills my sense with stillest quietude!
Alack, 'tis past, and silence and repose
Reign in twin sisterhood: yon meek wild rose
Her silken leaves, with softest tints imbued,
Hath folded in the shade, and now appears
When wet with dew more sweet, like Innocence in tears.

Dear dreamy wood! Ha! the small aspen leaves
Are quivering in a white and misty beam;
In the deep-shadowed foliage it weaves
A silver-insinuated tissue, that doth seem
Meet for the bridal robing of the fay
That queens it in this forest; upward see
The clustered stars that glitter witchingly,
That shed o'er many a lone ship's ocean way
Their soft dispassioned lustre: oft when care
Hath fevered and harassed, I've blest their radiance fair.

I would not wish a sweeter home than this,
Since man his brother still will vex for nought;
Even here, where rival flowers entwining kiss,
And all things yield their beauty, Heaven-taught,
To bless each other. Tremulously faint
Gleams by the river brink yon glow-worm's lamp,
Where now he banquets him on rank weeds damp
With beaded dew; while, simply sad and quaint,
Night-winds a low and dirge-like cadence bring
Where cloistered in dim shade the owl sits sorrowing.

Oh sure there is a wordless eloquence
Breathed freely forth within these leafy glooms,
The odour which all verdurous things dispense,
The birds soft nestled in the drooping plumes
Of the all-muffling ivy, and the clear
Unhindered glory of the moon, that makes
A glittering heaven of dew-stars in the brakes,
Whisper my sorrow-burthened heart that here
For every woe there is a gracious balm,
For all its o'erwrought fears a hushed and holy calm.—ZETA.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 30 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. McGLASHAN, 21 D'Almeida Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.